The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1920 NUMBER 271

Contents

The Week 301

Editorials
- Freedom of Opinion and the Clergy 303
- The Way to Unconstitute Authority 306
- The Next President and the Treaty 308

General Articles
- The Second Chance of Peace. H. N. Brailsford 310
- Perhaps the Turn of the Tide... William Hard 313
- As the Ice Goes Out ..... Alvin Johnson 316

The Bandwagon 318

Books and Things ..... P. L. 319

Literary Notes 320

Reviews of Books
- In the American Language ..... F. H. 321
- The Workers as Citizens ..... H. J. L. 322

The Week

THERE is no doubt but that Viscount Grey's letter has made an impression in Washington. Each Senator interprets it according to his own pleasure. Democrats like Mr. Pomerene see in it an additional argument for a compromise; most of the Republicans hail it as a clear-cut indorsement of the Lodge program. The Republicans are nearer right. Whatever Viscount Grey's own mental distinction between purely selfish reservations like that one dealing with the Monroe Doctrine and other reservations like that which writes us out of the Shantung decision, the inevitable effect of this letter will be to strengthen the Lodge program as a whole. Upon that program it can now be assumed that the Republicans will stand without compromise.

SECRETARY GLASS conceives that what Europe mainly needs is good advice. "The governments of the world must now get out of banking and trade." "Relief would be found in disarmament, resumption of industrial life and activity, the imposition of adequate taxes and the issue of adequate domestic loans." The remedy for "the exchange situation is to be found in the movement of goods, of investment securities" and in default of these, "in the movement of gold." There is no more logical or practical step toward Allied reconstruction than "to give value to their indemnity claims against Germany by reducing those claims to a determinate amount which Germany may reasonably be expected to pay" and then for Germany to "be set free to work it out." If Europe will not trade with us without further government and bank loans, we shall turn our trading energies to other quarters.

UNFORTUNATELY the governments of Europe are not in a position to get out of banking and trade. The Italian government for example is compelled to sink hundreds of millions on the bread supply or run the risk of revolution. It is all very well to advise the French government to raise taxes until they yield a surplus for currency deflation, but the present government would not last long if it tried to do so. There is common sense in the suggestion that the German indemnity be cut to a sum that may be a financial reality instead of a delusive hope, but neither the French nor the British government would dare to take the initiative in that direction. All these things might be practicable as integral parts of a general international program which promised substantial relief, such as that of the proposed conference on which Secretary Glass is commenting. Such relief need not take the form of loans from governments to governments. It may be that loans from private persons to governments for reconstruction purposes are necessary and that such loans will have to be given priority over all other obligations, even those to the United States. It is worth our while to canvass the situation before we grow too dogmatic about it.

OPPOSITION to the idea of extending further credits to Europe may develop in Congress to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

block the relief work which Secretary Glass himself recommends. After several weeks of inaction the Ways and Means Committee of the House has reported a measure providing the Grain Corporation with a fund of fifty million dollars for the relief of Austria, Poland and Armenia. This action was taken over the protests of the Republican Steering Committee, and after unsuccessful attempts by Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill providing a hundred and twenty-five millions. Whether the House will approve the bill reported by its committee now seems doubtful. During the last week most of the correspondents agree that sentiment is running the other way.

THE ALLIED demand for a surrender of Hindenburg, Ludendorff and other war leaders confronts the German government with two difficult alternatives. If it promptly delivers the accused leaders its prestige with the German public, already precariously low, may fall another notch; if it refuses then, as the Paris Matin points out, Germany will "automatically relieve the Allies from all the promises they have made." The demand for a surrender of war leaders is only the first of a series of shocks which the present German government will be called upon to meet. On March 10th the standing army must be cut in half, and warships, gold, boats and other valuables be surrendered. Then, on the 10th of April, the terms will be revealed upon which five billions sterling are to be paid as indemnity.

THE FIRST indictment under the Espionage act made since the armistice comes in the case of three socialists in Syracuse. It is important to note the character of the indictment since the case shows how a sedition law may work when the country is no longer fighting. Three American-born citizens —Steene, Hotze and Preston—were brought to trial for the literature they had distributed advertising a meeting of protest against the continued imprisonment of political prisoners. The men were found guilty on four counts: conspiracy, distribution of seditious literature, inciting and promoting resistance to the government and bringing the armed forces of the country into contumely and disrepute, as well as obstructing enlistment. The offenders were sentenced to a year and a half each.

IN THE FACTS of this case there is enough to warn any American who cherishes the humblest notions of his personal freedom. The literature which Steene, Hotze and Preston distributed was made up chiefly of accounts of tortures claimed to have been inflicted upon political prisoners in disciplinary barracks. Congressmen have circulated such accounts under a government frank. The punishment which comes to these men for the same sort of action shows how handily legislation apparently enacted for one purpose can, in a time of hysteria, be used by courts and prosecutors and juries for a purpose entirely different. The Espionage act—so the public thought—was designed essentially to protect our military efforts from the German spy system. It has ended finally, by putting in jail three men who appeal to their government as humanitarians.

IN THE HANDS of a conference committee representing the two houses of Congress there is now a water-power bill which, if approved in its present form, will go a long way toward wrecking any program of conservation and protection of the public interest. Amendments made in the Senate have ruined a considerably better measure adopted by the House. For the vast privileges it grants to private corporations the public is to receive no adequate compensation. Section 10 (e) of the bill relieves all licensees from the payment of reasonable value for the privileges they secure. Charges are limited to what it costs the government to administer the act, plus a small charge based on the value of the lands occupied. Will the power companies reciprocate by selling their service at a lower cost to the consumer? They may if they choose so. But there is nothing in the bill to keep them from charging all that the traffic will bear.

A SECOND great fault in the bill passed by the Senate is that it makes utterly inadequate provision for the public to recover its own property. There is power in the country's streams worth many millions of dollars, and it is conceivable that at some future time we shall choose to develop it for ourselves or at least to rent it under new conditions. What does the Senate's bill provide? At the end of Section 15 are clauses which make for practically a perpetual grant of the immense privileges for which, meantime, we are to charge the power companies so little. "It is made impossible," says Senator Lenroot, "for a new licensee ever to come in and take this property—because in addition to paying the value of the property, in addition to paying every dollar that the licensee has invested in the property, he must pay severance damages for which he will get no return or no value whatever." Both President Taft and President Roosevelt vetoed measures carrying this sort of vicious regulation. Will the bill be slipped through now, after fifteen years of waiting, while the public is interested in Bolshevism?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RUSSIAN cooperative headquarters at Paris has received authorization from the Soviet government to reopen trade relations with foreign countries. The Central Union in Moscow is "ready to commence exchanges immediately," and has been given "all guarantees concerning the protection of goods exported and imported by the cooperatives." A week ago some of the American correspondents in Paris did not think the blockade would be lifted. The announcement of the Allied premiers was a ruse, possibly a move on Mr. George's part to quiet British labor. Now, for the moment, the correspondents have swung to the other extreme. Mr. James cables to the New York Times that "the Allies are drifting rapidly toward recognition of the Soviet government," and other reporters take the same line. Are we on the edge of a counter-campaign to prove the Soviets not so bad, after all?

EIGHTEEN British labor leaders announce that if their party is called upon to form the next government it "will not regard itself bound by military or diplomatic commitments made secretly" in respect to Russia. This statement comes not from the left wing of British labor, but from the right. It is signed by conservative leaders like J. R. Clynes and J. H. Thomas, one a member of the Lloyd George cabinet during the war, the other secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen. What they ask of Mr. George and his colleagues is to abandon the use of "satellite armies" for a war "which their own soldiers have refused to wage," and to conclude complete and immediate peace with Soviet Russia. If the British labor and Socialist leaders are mistaken in their belief that peace is possible, the government takes no step to disillusion them. It has again refused passports to socialists bound for Russia as members of an international delegation.

SOME WEEKS ago it was announced in the news dispatches that while Esthonia might agree to an armistice with Soviet Russia there would be no signing of a peace unless the Allied governments approved. Now, however, a dispatch from Riga to the Exchange Telegraph Company (London) states that a peace treaty is to be signed at once, giving Esthonia sixteen million rubles in gold and concessions for the construction of a railway from Reval to Moscow. If that report is true, Esthonia falls out of the anti-Russian alliance. The other states—Poland, Finland and Latvia—are apparently bound simply by a loose agreement not to make peace separately. Meantime the Soviet government again offers peace to Poland. From the first, declares a Moscow wireless, Russia has been ready to recognize the Polish republic and to negotiate territorial and economic differences.

FROM Krasnaya Riechka, in Eastern Siberia, there comes to us the appeal of a Hungarian professor, prisoner in a Japanese war camp. "We are aware that where men now decide over the fate of the world," he writes, "they busy themselves with the improvement of the chief wrongs." But is there no corner of thought left for the totally broken men in the prison camps of Siberia? Hundreds of thousands of them have been prisoners there for five interminable years. They have suffered in a climate strange to them, been ravaged by epidemics that have carried off God alone knows how many. One thin shred of hope remains: that some of them may yet live to see their homes. While men busy themselves with the improvement of chief wrongs how long do these poor wretches wait in an alien, barren land?

Freedom of Opinion and the Clergy

DURING the past year the more enlightened clergymen of America have given many proofs of a new disposition to conceive Christian truth as something which was not irrelevant to the political and social problems of their own day and generation. The negligible and, from a humane point of view, the ignoble part played by the Christian Church during the war and the accumulating evidence of the scant regard for typical Christian values which modern society is exhibiting in its activities, these palpable facts have persuaded them to seek effective means of collective interference by the Christian clergy in matters of business and politics with which hitherto they have not concerned themselves except as individual citizens. The councils of the several denominations have formulated social programs which, if they were carried out, would mitigate some of the worst abuses in the present conduct of industry and appease some of the most acute grievances of the less privileged classes. In addition the Inter-Church World Movement, as a part of its general attempt to organize the common activities of Protestant Christianity, has established an industrial section and is setting up a mechanism of research without which the clergy cannot hope to keep their bearings in the treacherous and stormy waters of modern industrial controversy. If any confirmation were needed that this intrusion of the clergy into business and secular affairs, modest and tentative as it is, promises eventually to act as a useful ferment in industrial organization and policy, the opposition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which it has provoked from Mr. Ralph Easley and the National Civic Federation Review would furnish the conclusive proof. No American proposal to apply Christian or social ideals to politics, business and society has any chance of success without a concrete, enlightened but flexible program, an organ of research with which to adjust the program to the conduct of industry, an ardent faith in the social availability of Christian truth and the enmity of Ralph Easley.

But of all the intrusions of clergymen into secular affairs the most useful and the most courageous is the protest which twenty-two eminent clergymen have signed and circulated against the deportations, the proposed legislation against sedition, and the suspension of the New York Socialist Assembymen. This protest declares that American political institutions and the principles which underly them depend for their vitality upon the preservation intact both to aliens and American citizens of the same fund of free speech which they have hitherto enjoyed in times of peace; they urge, consequently, "the people of the churches of America to use their influence for the return to the old faith in the fundamental principles of our civil liberty." The signers to this appeal include Bishops Brent, Brewster of Maine and Brewster of Connecticut, Lawrence and Talbot, all of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Reverend George Alexander, Arthur J. Brown, William Adams Brown, Henry Sloane Coffin, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Charles S. McFarland, William Pierson Merril, Charles Lewis Slattery, Arthur C. McGiffert, Frank Mason Worth, Charles E. Jefferson, Worth M. Tippy, William Austin Smith, John McDowell and Frederick Lynch. It would be impossible, we believe, to collect twenty-two American clergymen whose signatures upon any appeal to the American people would entitle it to more respectful consideration than do the names on this list.

There is, we believe, one fact about the publication of this appeal to the Christian people of the United States, asking them to oppose the prevailing policy of the government and the prevailing intolerance of public opinions which makes it of peculiar importance. It is both a remarkable and a novel instance of opposition by the clergy to the policy of the government in the interest of certain civil rights whose protection has hitherto been considered to be the most essential duty of a democratic state. It is a reversal of the comparative historic attitude of the clergy and the politicians towards freedom of speech and the toleration of heretical opinions. Finally, it is a reversal of attitude which the increasing moral arrogance of the spokesmen for the state has instigated and which the clergy in case they are to exercise any formative influence on the ideals of the community are bound to sustain.

During the religious wars and after, toleration was on the whole an essentially political policy. Irreconcilable differences of religious conviction were rending society to pieces. The state as the guardian of police order undertook the duty of compelling the Christian sects to tolerate the obnoxious opinions and allegiances of other Christian sects. In the beginning the modern national state did not extend any similar toleration to political heterodoxy, but later under the influence of liberal and democratic ideals, the national state consciously consented to an amount of unorthodoxy and even disloyalty in political opinion and speech which was unprecedented in the political and intellectual history of mankind. It did so, on the general theory that the democratic state, resting as it must on popular consent, could afford to permit a kind and a volume of disloyal agitation which would imperil the existence of autocracy. The founders of democracy did not like disloyal agitation, but they could not devise any method of eradicating it which did not involve a pollution of the sources of public opinion. And unless public opinion remained uncontaminated by fear and by force, a democratic people could not save itself by placing a true and formative estimate on the results of its own experience.

The liberalization of the national state and the accompanying burst of industrial, technological and scientific progress tended rapidly to augment political authority and its pretensions. To all appearances it was achieving a complete victory over the only other form of organization which could possibly compete with it for the allegiance of good people. Throughout the several centuries which intervened between the end of the religious wars and the beginning of the Great War, the state steadily added to its moral authority and its social prestige while the Christian church almost as steadily was losing its grip on the human imagination. In relation to the conduct of political, social and industrial affairs the clergy became the accomplices of the business man and the politician. They could not and did not insist on the application of Christian ideals to these secular matters, because they were too divided among themselves as to what Christianity meant and what behavior and sacrifices it demanded of men and women who wished under modern social and economic conditions to lead the good life. On the other hand, the national state seemed to get along tolerably well without the benefit of the clergy. Its secularized civilization

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was apparently prosperous, progressive and imperturbable. Its spokesmen and beneficiaries were abundantly satisfied with its operations. They intoned hymns to its bountiful fruits and sacrificed burnt offerings to its divinity.

The Great War exposed the hollowness of these pretensions. The modern state brought to mankind security and prosperity for a large number of special secular activities and an unprecedented and sufficient boon of physical order. But it failed to coordinate these manifold secular activities and it failed to mould the physical order into the outward and visible signs of an accepted body of moral or religious truth. The war showed it up as the incarnation of class and police power, which was as incapable of remedying its own abuses, failures, heresies and schisms as was the preceding religious organization of society. Now that the war is over this secular society finds itself paralyzed in dealing with the destruction wrought by its own aberrations. It is impotent precisely because it is unable to act in these secular matters on disinterested, humane and religious motives. States and classes are wound up to conduct their business exclusively according to the dictates of their interests. No one class or no one state is physically or morally prepared to behave disinterestedly. The American people, for instance, refuse to go to the rescue of a perishing social fabric in Europe because by doing so they would be sacrificing their own interests to the exclusive interests of other states and classes. America, we are informed, cannot save Europe without losing herself. Yet if America does not soon try to save Europe, so we are informed, Europe will soon be past saving. What will then become of America?

The breakdown of this secular civilization is accompanied by disloyalty to the noblest and most formative tradition of its own past. The early spokesmen of the democratic national state were not mistaken in attaching supreme importance to freedom of speech and thought. For they were building a society on the foundation of human enlightenment and they realized how completely their success depended on intellectual and social experiment. But its spokesmen of today no longer consider freedom of thought as a salutary process. During and since the war they polluted the sources of public opinion by censorship and propaganda. The censorship has passed, but propaganda remains. It persists in a particularly virulent form in our own country. The American people were the first to associate freedom of speech and opinion with the fulfillment of their national purposes. They had less reason than any other belligerent people to abandon it during and since the war. Yet particularly since the war they have abandoned it more completely than any other democratic people and with apparently fewer compunctions. The government, with the support for the most part of the politicians, the newspapers and the majority of well-to-do and educated people, is seeking by mass compulsion to terrorize public opinion, to confuse radical thought with treason, and to identify intellectual obscurantism and timidity with loyal Americanism.

It is this extraordinary situation which gives to the protest of the twenty-two clergymen in favor of civil liberty such peculiar and promising significance. The American state which its beneficiaries worship as a God is proving untrue to its nobler traditions; and in its hour of need it looks as if an important part of the American clergy would come to its rescue. These clergymen are using their influence against a public policy which in their opinion "violates the basic principles of American government." They are placing themselves in "direct conflict with constituted authority" for the purpose of restoring to it a salutary sense of its own fallibility. But by entering into this conflict with constituted authority they are, we hope, attempting more than the return to the American state of its most essential tradition. They are, perhaps, vindicating their title as Christian clergymen to participate in the interest of Christian truth in the determination of certain questions of public policy. For the existing moral pretensions of the American state and the clear intention of its beneficiaries and spokesmen to suppress radical opposition as sedition and radical thinking as heresy are compromising the future of the Christian religion no less than the future of democracy. When men worship the state, as they are worshipping it in this country or as they used to worship it in Germany, they are dedicating a fund of allegiance to the state which should at least be divided with the church. It is the business of the church to occupy itself with the creation of one hundred per cent Christians rather than one hundred per cent Americans. It has not paid as much attention to that business as it should. It certainly cannot succeed any better in the future unless the clergy are not afraid to challenge the moral arrogance of the state and of the spokesmen of the state, and, as in the present instance, to place themselves in direct conflict with "constituted authority." Neither can they challenge the state in a cause more near to their own vital interests than that of freedom of speech and opinion. For the authority of religion is not the authority of power but the authority of truth, and the truth which will set men free cannot prevail in an atmosphere of intolerance, proscription, persecution and terror.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Way to Unconstitute Authority

SOME weeks ago the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant, the rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York City, was severely criticized in the public press and elsewhere for what was considered to be conduct unbecoming to a Christian clergyman. He was accused of comparing the passengers on the Buford with those on the Mayflower, of having protested against the deportation of anarchist aliens and of having permitted the Peoples' Freedom Union to use the assembly hall in the parish house on West Eleventh Street as a gathering place before its march up Fifth Avenue, Christmas morning, on behalf of the amnesty to political prisoners. Finally, he was censured for placing his church at the disposal of a public forum in which people of all degrees of radicalism and conservatism discussed questions of the day in a spirit which was not sufficiently respectful to constituted authority.

These criticisms attracted so much public attention that the vestry of Dr. Grant's church decided to investigate the charges. The report of the vestry tended to exonerate Dr. Grant and contained an expression of renewed confidence in him and his work, but they characterized the misinterpretation of the reference to the Buford and the Mayflower, of which Dr. Grant had complained, as not unnatural and requested him thereafter not to allow amnesty parades to start from the parish house without consulting them. This qualified exoneration might very well have closed the incident, but it was not allowed to remain the final word. The Bishop of the diocese also decided to scrutinize the supposed offense against clerical manners and morals. He embodied the results of his inquiry in a published letter to Dr. Grant in which he discussed the charges and reached a conclusion different in effect from that of the vestry. The committee of his parishioners had on the whole vindicated Dr. Grant. Bishop Burch, although he quoted approvingly all the criticisms of Dr. Grant contained in the vestry's report, refused to accept their net endorsement of Dr. Grant's behavior. On the contrary, as Dr. Grant's ecclesiastical superior, he expressly approves of the current criticisms, and he rebukes the rector for conduct unbecoming to a Christian priest. He "deplores the fact" that on several occasions Dr. Grant's behavior and utterances were "calculated to leave the impression upon unthinking as well as on clearly reasoning folk that there was some lurking spirit of disloyalty not only to the Church in which you are a clergyman, but a lack of full loyalty to the civil government."

Bishop Burch's rebuke to the offending rector is under the circumstances exceedingly severe. The Bishop was serving in the capacity of a judge in a court of spiritual honor. A clergyman in his diocese was accused of un-Christian and disloyal conduct. He reviews the evidence and sustains the accusation. His letter was tantamount to the conviction of Dr. Grant on all the counts of the indictment. It was intended to disgrace and humiliate the accused man in the eyes of all people who respect constituted authority in church and state. Whether the conviction is actually as humiliating as the Bishop intended it to be depends, however, chiefly on the clear justice of the conviction; and upon this question laymen have a right to be heard. It was not merely a matter of church discipline which the Bishop had before him. The public rebuke of a prominent Christian minister for conduct unbecoming both to a Christian and a good citizen is a matter which penetrates to the quick of the articulate conscience of the community. The ideals of any society derive their most effective source of authority from the scruples and standards imposed upon its members by loyalty to church and state. If ecclesiastical and political officials require good Christians and good citizens in the name of these loyalties to behave in a manner which violates some of their cherished ideals, the moral integrity of the community necessarily suffers. There is introduced into the society a distracting conflict between the obligation which the Christian or the citizen owes to his enlightened conscience and his disposition to defer to his ecclesiastical and political leaders. Thus it is of the utmost importance for the authoritative interpreters of these obligations to evoke them only in unimpeachable cases. Whenever they fail in this respect, their presumption does more to discredit ecclesiastical and political authority than it does to humiliate and disgrace the victims of their censure.

We are justified, consequently, in examining with some care the reasons alleged by Bishop Burch for Dr. Grant's conviction. There were three counts to the indictment. The first concerned the rector's utterances with respect to the deportations. The second concerned his action in permitting a parade, undertaken in the interest of the amnesty of political prisoners, to assemble in his parish house. The third concerned the conduct of the public forum which was held in the church on Sunday evenings. Did Dr. Grant's behavior in these matters violate any unquestionably binding standards of Christian or civic morals?

In dealing with the first charge we must discriminate between the issue raised by the passage of Dr. Grant's statement in which he linked together the Buford and the Mayflower and the issue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raised by his criticism of the deportations. His reference to the Mayflower, misunderstood as it was, did give unnecessary offense to many excellent people whose opinions differed from his own and it did invite an "easy" and unfortunate misunderstanding. But in respect to the other issue his criticism of the deportation does not seem absolutely to demand his authoritative black-listing as a Christian priest and as an American citizen. His stand in this matter may be mistaken, but if it be mistaken, he has surely as much authority for his mistake in what have hitherto been considered to be the fundamental beliefs of the Christian Church and the American Republic as the Bishop has for his censure. Since when has it become un-Christian and un-American to protest against the infliction of a grievous penalty upon hundreds of accused people without giving any one of them the benefit of a day in court in which to prove their innocence? Since when has it been considered desirable in the interest of clerical morals for a Bishop publicly to rebuke one of his clergy for publishing a criticism of the government with which many of the leading divines in his own and other denominations agree? After Bishop Burch censured Dr. Grant in part for this offense, the Churchman, which is a "national journal of the Protestant Episcopal Church" declared that "the time will come when churchmen will treasure the memory that a clergyman of the Episcopal Church had the sound intuition to sense the injustice (of the deportations) and the courage to denounce it." Furthermore, five Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, one Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and sixteen of the most eminent clergymen in the country have issued an appeal to the American people to repudiate certain existing practices which "violate the basic principles of our government;" and among those practices they specify in particular "the deportation of men without judicial trial." What must we think of a Bishop who censures one of his clergy for protesting against a public policy which in the opinion of five bishops of his own church violates the basic principles of American government?

Bishop Burch's treatment of the second charge, which concerns the use of the parish house as an assembly and starting point for the amnesty parade on Christmas morning, is equivocal. He does not expressly censure Dr. Grant for favoring the amnesty of political prisoners, but he endorses the suggestion of the vestry of the church that before the parish house be again employed for such a purpose, the vestry be consulted. The implication is that, if the vestry is consulted, it will not permit the parish house of the Church of the Ascension to be associated with a parade the object of which was to release from prison people whose only offense was the possession of conscientious scruples against human bloodshed. No doubt the vestry should have been consulted, but if Dr. Grant had consulted his vestry and it had remonstrated he would not have been censurable either as un-Christian or as unloyal, even though, in spite of the remonstrance, he had permitted the parade to start from the parish house. Is it un-Christian to assist on Christmas morning in a petition to the American public for the release of people who are suffering for obeying the voice of their own consciences? Is it disloyal to force on the attention of Christians in an orderly and inoffensive manner and on a day of festivity and goodwill the harshness of the government's policy? Is there anything censurable in using a building consecrated to religious purposes in order to advertise a measure of amnesty, which the other civilized nations have already adopted and which the Christian churches of America have urged upon the President and Congress? Bishop Burch does not answer these questions explicitly in the affirmative, but no one who has read his letter would suspect him of having any scruples against returning such an answer.

It is in dealing with the third grievance against Dr. Grant that Bishop Burch is most explicit. "I do not question," he says, "the right of yourself or your vestry to use the parish house of the Church of the Ascension as a forum, but I do solemnly protest against the use of the consecrated building, dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, as a meeting place for a forum to which are not infrequently invited as speakers men who do not believe in God, who professedly are opposed to the government, clearly showing their irreverence for constituted authority." There is a question raised by this rebuke of vast importance for the future relationship of church and state in the American democracy. It is a question which concerns the policy which the church must adopt to regain some of its former influence over the laity and to penetrate the life of the community with Christian values. We have not the space here to discuss the full bearing of this question on the use of church buildings as forums and on the censorship which the directors of forums held in churches should exercise upon the speaking and the speakers. But certainly the kind of censorship proposed by Bishop Burch would exclude from the forum the very people whom the church, if it had any confidence in its own missionary power, would most ardently wish to attract and whose presence would be most likely to give vitality to the discussion. There is the same difference of opinion about this matter among equally reputable clergymen as there is about the other counts in the indictment. Many would agree with Bishop Burch that if church buildings are used

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for forums, its officers should exclude those people who presumably are most in need of Christian enlightenment. Others would agree with Dr. Grant that if the church proposes to regain its influence over laymen and their secular activities, it should not neglect any available means of reaching those who are now most alienated from it. We believe, consequently, that in this instance also Bishop Burch has rebuked Dr. Grant for behavior which may be objectionable to the Bishop's intimate friends and class associates, but which cannot be condemned as un-Christian and disloyal without involving in the condemnation as many and as respectable Christians and citizens as it excludes.

The phrase "constituted authority" occurs frequently in Bishop Burch's public utterance. He regards respect for "constituted authority" in church and state as essential to the individual and social welfare. In his emphasis on this matter we agree with him. No political and social order can operate and endure unless a strong presumption exists in favor of accepting authoritative official leadership. But how are these leaders to maintain and to reenforce this respect for "constituted authority" in church and state? To judge from his behavior Bishop Burch believes that the best way to promote respect for official leadership is to "pull" its privileged authority upon those who think they have sufficient reason for recalcitrance and to fasten on them whenever possible the odium of disloyalty. In this matter we disagree with him. The very presumption which exists in favor of constituted authority imposes on its custodians a peculiar obligation not to risk its prestige by associating it too intimately with partial, particular, partisan or class interests and states of mind. But that is what Bishop Burch does. He is willing to risk the moral authority of the American government upon the justifiability of a doubtful policy of indiscriminate deportation. He is willing to risk his own spiritual authority as a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church upon a partisan and doubtful conviction of Dr. Grant. By such behavior he stamps himself rather than the man he rebukes as an insidious and dangerous enemy of constituted authority. Dr. Grant proposed to vindicate authority in church and state by attacking some of its errors. He may have been wrong in imputing error to these particular acts of authority, but he has certainly chosen a better way of vindicating it than has Bishop Burch. The one sure method of cheapening constituted authority is to employ the respect which it ought to inspire for the purpose of browbeating into silence those who honestly and, according to their lights, reasonably protest against its necessarily fallible conduct.

The Next President and the Treaty

THE feeling that the Senators had better agree and put the Treaty out of the way is not inspired by the thought that American ratification will hasten the recovery of Europe. The President himself abandoned that argument on Jackson Day. According to his letter he is quite prepared to believe that the world can wait twenty-eight months after armistice, twenty months after signature, for the beginning of American ratification. In a sense the President is right. He is right in his premise that as things stand now, it will make small difference to the world whether the Treaty is ratified before election or not. Ratified or unratified, America must remain inert in international affairs while Congress and the Executive are deadlocked. Until there is a new mandate from the country, our participation in the League and in the PAAP (Principal Allied and Associated Powers) is a mere formality. This administration can promise nothing and can no longer do anything affirmative. The reasons for settling the Treaty somehow, with the essential reservations against loose promises, are of a different kind. They are first of all that Congress has too much to do to waste time debating questions on which there is no real disagreement, and second that the protracted debate of a sterile issue does not enhance the prestige of the government. It is desirable to conclude the formalities, but it would be a great mistake to put any hope in the result.

The agony of Europe is heartrending and the prospects are very dark. The Treaty contains nothing to alleviate the suffering, and is full of provisions that will only intensify it, if enforced. The "League" as constituted is estopped from altering the Treaty. It has no jurisdiction over the Reparation Commission, and moreover all decisions of the League are controlled by the same diplomats who are to enforce the Treaty. Ultimate power is vested in the PAAP, acting sometimes in their own name, sometimes as the Reparation Commission, sometimes as the Council of the League. This being the case the whole future depends upon the character of the governments, constituting the PAAP.

The United States is one of these governments. Even with the Lodge reservations it will be one of them. For the Lodge reservations simply transform America from a tied member into a voluntary member of this group of governing powers. The main question will still be: What do these governments of the PAAP propose to do with the authority vested in them by the Treaty? The answer to that question will depend on the antecedent question: What will be the character of those govern-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments in the near future? In Europe that depends upon the speed with which the people of France and England understand the gross deception practiced upon them in the Treaty of Versailles. They will have to learn both by direct experience and by the candid teaching of informed leaders that the Treaty as conceived is not only unworkable, but destructive if attempted. In some form or other France and England will repeat the experience which Holland has just given them in the matter of the Emperor's trial. The economic clauses especially will involve a costly period devoted to unlearning the fallacies which they embody. But the results of unlearning will inevitably involve the fall of the politicians who have stayed in power on the strength of those fallacies. Until the fantastic illusions of the Treaty are completely exposed and understood, the Treaty will remain an impenetrable obstacle to the restoration of European business. The illusions must go, and with them the politics and politicians of illusion.

A tolerable world can be made only by men who understand what happened at Versailles and are aware that the main purposes must be reversed. American foreign policy in the next four years depends upon the selection of a man who is clear about the Treaty and yet interested in it. The President himself is interested, but not clear. General Wood is not interested. Men like Governor Lowden and Senator Harding belong to a pre-war period, and have no relationship, either moral or intellectual to the issues arising out of the war. That is why Mr. Hoover is so strongly indicated. He does understand this treaty. He does understand the Europe which it thwarts and disorganizes. He does understand as no man has ever understood just how the economic life of America is related to the outer world, and where the limits of useful cooperation end. He is no sentimentalist about Europe, and he is probably the least Europeanized American who went to Paris.

Our role in the world depends not upon the form of ratification but on the character of the next President of the United States. For those to whom American intervention in the war was not an isolated, meaningless fight, but a genuine movement of the New World to redress the balance of the Old, for those in short to whom a permanent return to the old isolation is unthinkable, there can be little question about the enormous importance of what Hoover represents. So long as the choice lay between the unthinking entanglements to which the President submitted and the fierce and somewhat vindictive isolation of Senator Lodge, the real issues were obscured and postponed. Both offered bad choices, and the only reason for preferring Lodge's was that at least it did not irretrievably commit the nation to policies which it had not examined. But the possibility of having Mr. Hoover the next President rearranges the whole outlook. He has shown that he can cooperate with Europeans, and retain his independence. Through all the welter of intrigue that was Paris, he remained clearly defined, and himself. For if Mr. Hearst and Senator Reed had tried to pick one argument against Mr. Hoover that was more absurd than any other, they could not have done better than raise a racket about his not being "American." That is just exactly what he was throughout the war, the least susceptible to the seductions of European intrigue, the most independently minded man we sent abroad. He could help Europe, and work with Europeans, without losing his balance, because he understood Europe as no other American did. He was generous without being gullible, independent without unfriendliness.

His candidacy gives a substance to the idea of cooperation within a League that none other now in sight can give. With an uninformed President in the White House our activity in Europe and Asia can only be perfunctory or dangerous. Intermittently it has been both in the last year, and it will continue to be if some absolutely untrained politician or general is selected to administer the infinitely delicate foreign relations of this nation. So long as the prospect is for a combination of reactionary and incompetent, the American people will do well to postpone accepting further liabilities in Europe. They can help no one, and they can sacrifice too much. But with the possibility of a man so clearly qualified as Hoover, they can afford to go forward with the responsibilities assumed by the war. They can rejoice in the thought that a way is offered by which America can begin to redeem those promises in which her honor as a democratic people is involved.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Second Chance of Peace

ECHOES reach us in London of the controversy which has followed Sir George Paish's suggestions for a gigantic international loan. That public opinion should be annoyed is intelligible. It is not pleasant to shake off the inculcated illusions of war-time. The propaganda and oratory of the Allies had reduced the problems of Europe to an elegant simplicity. We were all taught to believe that sundry political changes, dictated by stern but beneficent victors, would suffice to make our old continent the best of all possible worlds. Establish democracy, said some; crush Prussian militarism, said others; above all, redraw the map of nationality, and liberated humanity will march smiling to its goal of progress. The thing has been done, for the most part very ill done, but even a much cleaner political settlement would not have saved Europe from its present plight. The men who made the settlement seem to have thought in terms of morals, of retributive justice, of politics and of strategy, of everything, indeed, save economics.

During those long months of bargaining, casuistry and electioneering, the Supreme Four saw everything save the central reality—a continent starving, unclad, and unemployed, its workers sinking below the level of civilized humanity, its women too weak for maternity, its children listless, stunted and deformed. I used to wonder as I was travelling over Central Europe during those months of destiny, how the statesmen visualized the maps they were redrawing. Did they say to themselves as they glanced at a densely peopled industrial area, "Here no mill-chimney smokes?" Did they, as they studied the trade routes, realize that in every big station yard great fleets of rusting and broken locomotives were standing idle? Did they know that hunger-typhus in the East was slaying its thousands where the rifle had slain its hundreds? Had it dawned on them that while Ludendorff's barbaric devastation had brought total ruin to a limited area, a little strip upon their maps, the blockade had wrought its partial devastation in every home, in every body, aye and in every mind, over the whole vast area, from the Rhine to the Volga, till every man, woman and child suffered some loss of strength, efficiency, morals and sanity?

Since Paine told Burke that he mourned for the plumage and forgot the dying bird, there has been no such fatal absorption as this in the abstractions and ideologies of politics. The Supreme Four found Europe tottering and they pushed it into the abyss. First by prolonging the blockade for nine superfluous months, then by the terms of their Carthaginian peace, and lastly by blockading Russia and subsidizing its civil war; they have made a misery which seems irremediable. Critics, obsessed like the statesmen themselves, by the mania for politics, have emphasized the territorial errors of the treaties, from the Saar to Danzig, from Fiume to Macedonia. The real disaster is that Germany has been left with twenty-five per cent of her iron and thirty-six per cent of her coal; that the burden of a fantastic indemnity has completed the ruin of her credit, destroyed her currency, and broken the springs of her industrial energy; that Austria by a reckless dismemberment[1] is left without coal, raw materials or markets, a cripple who can extend her once busy hands only to receive our alms. Nor are our late enemies the only victims of this policy. The mark in Poland, nominally *four to the dollar*, sells at a hundred, and with Paris still hounding her half-clad armies to invade the snows of Soviet Russia, her Minister of Finance budgets for an expenditure eight times her revenue. Her half-clad children, scourged with rickets and tuberculosis vie for our pity with those of Vienna.

The real problem for Europe is not one of politics or nationality: it is one of work and population. For a generation before the war, German industry, based on coal and iron, had made of this Central European area the most prosperous, the most laborious, the most densely peopled area of the earth. Its exports enabled it to feed its ever growing population on the grain and meat of the New World, Russia and the Balkans. A closely knit system of trade bound this vast continental area into a microcosm. Millions throve on this far-flung commerce, who must starve, if its threads are broken.

By a whole series of political decisions the web has been torn to pieces. A new and intricate pattern of frontiers, each equipped with its obstacles of export and import tariffs, and the barbed wire of an ever fluctuating exchange, intersects the Hapsburg monarchy, which was until the other day, a great area of internal free trade, with one

[1] In an argument against dismemberment, dated July, 1918, I wrote in the New Republic (August 31st) a sufficiently accurate, though too moderate forecast of what has actually happened. I predicted "an angry, bloody, super-Balkan chaos," a repetition of "the chaos of Russia," the "decay of civilization" and the need for relief on a continental scale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tariff, one currency, one transport system. The blockade shuts off the grain, the hides, the flax, hemp and timber of Russia from Central Europe, which in return lacks the markets to which it used to send its chemicals, its textiles, its hardware and machinery. Germany has lost by annexations and indemnities sixty-four per cent of its coal and seventy-five per cent of its iron. It cannot, with its nearly worthless mark, buy the foreign raw materials which it needs. Its industry, lacking these things, cannot supply even the home market, and when exportation does begin, it must pour out, year by year, to pay the indemnity, a fabulous stream of exports, which can bring back by way of payment no imports in return. In so far as these lamed industries can work at all, on this fractional supply of coal and iron, they must work, as it were gratis. They will produce a tribute, not articles for exchange. It follows that the food which kept this industrial population healthy and efficient can not be bought abroad.

A nightmare, more oppressive than the pessimism of Malthus begins to sit upon the continent. Not niggardly nature, but the decisions of a political Council will cause the populations of Central Europe to outrun their means of subsistence. Today there are in this area fifteen million workers registered as unemployed, which may involve a population of nearly sixty millions. Mr. Hoover has reckoned that ten or twelve million Germans must emigrate. That is, I think, an underestimate, and it does not include Poles or Magyars. The doors are closed to them. They cannot emigrate. A proportion will die. A bigger proportion, who once lived in comfort, will contrive to subsist, on half-rations. We may see violent migrations, rushing in search of coal, iron and grain, as the hunger-driven tribes of the twilight centuries rushed from the steppes of Asia to the plains of Europe in search of pasture. Instead of the old wars of religion, nationality and the balance of power, we may see hunger wars again. Magyars are already talking openly of wars to regain the rich tillage of Slovakia and the minerals of Transylvania. The Poles, under the pressure of their teeming population, break eastward into the Russian borderland. The Germans answering the magnet of Russia have tried to cut a road through the Baltic provinces, fleeing with rifles in their hands from the unemployment at home. There may occur, as incidents in these wars for work or food, socialist revolutions and monarchist reactions, but each will be driven by the same motive power, the imperious need for some change that promises tolerable economic conditions. Amid this suffering and unrest nothing is certain save the decay and decline of European civilization. The standard of life will fall. In the savage struggle for existence the things of the mind will lose their appeal. Production will dwindle, and with production, population. The primacy in civilization will pass from Central Europe, as ages ago it passed from Mesopotamia and the Eastern Mediterranean. The death of this civilization will be no euthanasia. It will be a long agony punctuated by bloody and barbarous convulsions.

The proposal to float an international loan for the double purpose of re-starting European industry with raw materials and restoring the currencies, is a sign that the dire experience of these terrible years has taught the Allied statesmen to think at last in terms of economics. It was folly to pursue policy without economics at Versailles. It would be folly, and spendthrift folly, to think in terms of pure economics today. The loan is essential to the salvation of Europe, and yet it might be better to refuse the loan than to grant it without political conditions.

Take for example the case of Austria. Hitherto America and the Allies have given what Mr. Lloyd George aptly calls "soup kitchen relief." To give, in addition, credits for raw materials and the currency would certainly be a wiser form of aid, but if our care for Austria goes no further, it might in the end bring her no lasting good. She gains little by restarting her industries, if she finds everywhere high tariff walls against her products, as she does today. She would be able to buy coal in Bohemia and grain in Croatia, but what if these neighbors should exploit her needs, by continuing to levy high export duties on all they sell to her? Every train-load of goods that goes to her from her neighbors, is today a subject for diplomatic bickering, and even when the representatives of the powers say firmly that a train must go through, they have often to place an escort on it. Again, over Austria, there lies a weight of debts and indemnities, as yet uncounted. These debts will never be collected: these indemnities will never be levied. One cannot tax a pauper, nor levy an execution on a beggar's wallet. None the less Austria's few assets are mortgaged and the uncertain burden paralyzes her energies and ruins the credit of her banks. Two political changes, then, are urgent, if Austria is to make any use of a loan for raw materials. Her territory must be merged in some much wider economic unit, and the pedantic absurdity of expecting an indemnity from her must be dropped. There are two or three ways of providing this larger economic unit. The simplest is to remove the veto, mainly a French veto, on her political union with the German Republic. Another plan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(really complementary to this) is the much bolder proposal, which Mr. Maynard Keynes, who was until his honorable resignation last June, the representative of the British Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council, has made in his Economic Consequences of the Peace, by far the biggest and most formative book that has appeared in any country since the armistice. Mr. Keynes suggests that under the League of Nations the whole of Central Europe should be formed into a Free Trade Union. The third possibility is the French expedient of a Danubian Federation. That would be used, and is intended to be used, as a barrier against German trade with the East. It would bring some alleviation to Austria, but at the cost of hampering the economic recovery of Germany. None of these solutions can be attained without pressure. The power which can grant or refuse a great loan has the means of applying that pressure. From France herself, to the least and greediest of the Austrian fragments, these states all stand as suitors. A wise creditor will lend only on terms that promise the economic relief of the whole indebted continent.

If the first of the political conditions which should accompany a loan is the breaking down of the artificial obstructions to trade created by the Balkanization of Central Europe, the second is the effective restoration of peace. No country deserves the pity and help of the West more certainly than Poland. Never since the Thirty Years War has such misery as hers been diffused over so wide an area of Europe. None the less it would be wasteful folly to give a loan to Poland, while her rulers under the spur of Parisian megalomania pursue their present policy. M. Clemenceau, who has always the quality of frankness, has just laid down in a speech to the Chamber his policy towards Russia. The greater Allies have withdrawn from active intervention. The Supreme Rulers and dashing generals of the counter-revolution are all of them in eclipse. M. Clemenceau has a third wave in reserve, which is to break upon the Soviet Republic. He threatens her with the armies of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and (when D'Annunzio is disposed of) Jugoslavia. Never since the days of the great Napoleon has any statesman gambled so callously with the lives of other peoples. Luckily unless we in London are very ill informed, the plan has little or no chance of realization. President Masaryk has publicly opposed all foreign intervention in Russia. Rumania has resisted the incitements and commands of Paris for over a year; she has got Bessarabia, does not wish to restore a Russian Empire, and has reason to fear an attack from Hungary in her rear. The Serbs will keep their powder for enemies much nearer home. The one member of this quartet which may be tempted, is the most pitiable of them all. Poland, with her conscript army of half a million, is suffering from a mania of romantic militarism, and plays her war game like a boy with a box of tin soldiers. To march on Moscow, as her kings did in the seventeenth century, might amuse her less responsible aristocracy, and the French have the knack of playing on Polish vanity. Until such schemes are abandoned, nothing constructive can be done for Europe. The little states, half children, half barbarians, must disarm, and peace must be made with Russia. That is essential not merely in order to end the riot of militarism among the victors in the late war, but also, on purely economic grounds, to reopen the Russian market for Europe, and to bring her resources into the general pool. The opponents of the blockade of Russia have urged, and it cannot be urged too strongly, that it is a policy of savage cruelty towards the Russian people. My own travels in Central Europe brought home to me the fact that it is only a little less ruinous in its workings there. A blockade is always a two-edged weapon.

The third of the political conditions is the most difficult, but also the most indispensable of them all. The Treaty itself, in its economic chapters, must be revised and, indeed, rewritten. Until a figure is fixed for the German indemnity that is within her capacity to pay, there is no hope either of economic recovery or of political stability in Europe. Mr. Keynes, than whom there is no higher authority, has estimated that this figure might be 7,500 million dollars, but his calculation assumes the redrafting of all the clauses which aim at the ruin of German industry. The use of the Lorraine iron ore must be assured to her, and her tribute in coal must be drastically reduced. What hope is there that the governments which imposed a fantastic tribute on the enemy, in order to conceal from their own tax-payers the real burden of the war, would consent to this revision? None at all, if this apparent sacrifice stood alone. No serious obstacle, I think, will come from Great Britain. Even during our general election, educated opinion laughed, even within the coalition camp, at the promises made by Mr. George. Today these brief illusions are dispelled. France hugs her expectations more tenaciously. It is hard to say how far she really expects an indemnity on the scale that she planned (anything from 40,000 to 75,000 million dollars), how far she aims rather at the contrary object of ruining Germany, how far her purpose is chiefly to retain for a generation a weapon of coercion and enslavement to be flourished at need. Each one of these aims spells ruin to Europe and to peace. She will not yield in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter unless she perceives, firstly that obstinacy means dangerous isolation, and secondly that compliance will be compensated by other gains. Her currency also is dangerously depreciated. Her credit also is low. She too has need of raw materials. She would claim and fairly claim (as of course the British Empire would not) some share in the benefits of an international loan.

American liberalism missed through Mr. Wilson's failure, the first chance of giving to Europe a healing peace. Today, when Europe sues for a loan to restore its industry and save its civilization, a second chance has come. If the loan is refused, as one fears it will be, our continent will be flung back on the prospect of depopulation, revolution and hunger wars. If the loan were granted without political conditions (as it must be, if it is left to the initiative of private finance) it may only feed the flames of nationalist passion and class war that are devouring vast areas of the old world. If it were possible to hope that the democracy of the United States had the instinct, and its leaders the diplomatic resource to make American participation in an international loan contingent upon political conditions, America might yet write her signature below a great and constructive peace. By all means let the peoples and governments of Europe be required to practice mutual aid. Let the British Empire shoulder its full share of the sacrifices and the risks. There is, however, among the European powers none which has the capacity for leadership, none which has the material resources, to dictate as a condition of financial help, the necessary political changes. The American Republic alone stands out, alike by its wealth and its aloofness from our many selfishnesses, with the power and the moral authority to enforce the political preliminaries of any economic reconstruction. If the Russian war could be ended, if the indemnities could be reduced and if free trade could be restored over that needy central area, a relatively modest loan might suffice to restart work in Europe.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, January, 1920.

Perhaps the Turn of the Tide

THE sad fate of the Graham anti-free-speech bill in the recent hearings of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives may have marked the moment of the first beginning of the turn of the tide which now for so long has been running against civil liberties but which at those hearings recoiled on itself and stopped and even began to run back a bit toward un-per-cented Americanism. Perhaps it was only an eddy. But it had the look and feel somehow of a real turn.

The engineers of it were few enough, and sudden enough. The Sterling anti-free-speech bill had come over from the Senate. For it had been substituted the wording of the Graham anti-free-speech bill. A special rule to place this bill on its way to passage was being sought from the Rules Committee. The nation slumbered. So far as it saw the bill at all, it saw it only as a bill against the direct advocacy of "force and violence." The Congress slumbered. It slumbered with the nation, in the same dream of no danger from this bill for anybody except Reds. Observing the nation and the Congress slumbering, I joined them.

I noticed, though, a few minutes later, that meetings seemed to be happening in the general neighborhood of the Washington office of Judson King, general manager and particular promoter of sometimes unpopular activities by the National Popular Government League,—the head of which, Senator Owen of Oklahoma, is one of those unusual persons who are willing to take their turn at risking unpopularity on behalf of government by the people. Unpopular, I should say, was a word clearly deserved by any activity against any bill saying for itself that it proposed to hurt a Red. Mr. King, however, seemed to be engaging in such an activity, and certain newspaper men seemed to be engaging in it, too—Gilson Gardner, for instance, of the Scripps McRae Editorial Board, who by the way, I should think, could now count as many notches on his sword for good blows struck for good causes as any man who has represented publications in Washington from the first days down—and certain large, very large, labor men.

In fact, the American Federation of Labor seemed to be interested. The American Federation of Labor seemed to have come to the point at which it perceived—with a new clearness—that the tide to engulf the Reds in whirls of criminalized words was not likely really to do so much harm to Moscow as to the building at Ninth Street and Massachusetts Avenue inhabited by trade-union leaders who have done their best to deserve well of the republic by being patriotic in war and staunch against revolution in peace.

These people seemed roused. I indulged myself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the hope that, perhaps, they also began to feel that one cannot connive at unconstitutional wars in Russia and at Russian repressive laws in America without in the end finding one's own liberty attacked. Their liberty—their very own—was now in the shadow of jeopardy. Why were new statutes being sought? Existing statutes—Sections 5334 and 5335 of the Revised Statutes—provided large punishments for persons rebelling against the United States and for any "two or more" persons conspiring to rebel against it or conspiring even to "hinder" or "delay" the execution of "*any* law" of the United States. Why are forces hostile to labor seeking further statutes in which, for instance, as in the Graham bill, there was a constant, cunning, vague use of the word "force" and in which the same hedge of divinity erected against "political change" was erected also against "industrial change" and "economic change" and "social change"? Why?

In search of an answer to this question there were emissaries sent out, and presently it seemed that at an executive session of the Rules Committee a member objected to the immediate passage of the Graham bill, and hearings were ordered.

Thus do the turns of great legislative events depend on the quickness or slowness of people often few and needing to be quick indeed. It might seem really that had it not been for a quite small group of men—Popular Government Leaguers, trade-unionists, journalists, a few Congressmen and Senators, a few others—the Graham bill might have had no hearings but, instead, a quick special rule and a quick enactment.

The hearings, together with some little footwork done before them, threw the Graham bill into at least a temporary faint. There were three days of hearings. On the first of them the Committee and assembled citizens awaited the Attorney General. Word was announced from him, however, that he had to go to the White House. If this announcement was an excuse, it was a good one.

In place of Mr. Palmer there was a letter. Mr. Palmer wrote himself out of any suspicion that he was supporting the Graham bill. He was supporting a certain other bill, but not the Graham bill.

That other bill, I understand, does not behave so lavishly in granting powers to the Postmaster General. It does not so hurry to exalt Mr. Burleson. However, it gives itself to the checking of the speech of America to the same end as the Graham bill. Perhaps, if it comes to the Rules Committee, it will find the same impediment there to its rapid passage. There is a certain precedent now.

The hearings on the Graham bill were a sort of set of lectures on free speech, its origin, nature and nurture. An attempt was made by several of the speakers to revive the principle, the quite ancient and certainly safe and sane principle, that a genuine overt act or at least a genuine acting conspiracy was a desirable preliminary to anxiety about the state of the republic and the repression of talk.

Mr. Alfred Bettman, who was assistant Attorney General in special charge of sedition and espionage cases for some nineteen months, was an expositor of this view of life. After having had much to do with seditious and espionaging persons, as their prosecutor, he held that existing statutes covering peace-time sedition are ample. All seditions disclosing seditious acts or conspiracies could be under those statutes amply repressed and penalized.

The point was precisely there. Was one trying to prevent acts and conspiracies? Or was one trying to prevent words? An extreme case was put by a certain Congressman to Mr. Bettman:

"Suppose a man, all by himself, goes and hires a hall and tells people to rise against the government of the United States, can you reach him under existing statutes?"

Mr. Bettman seemed to doubt it. "Ah!" said the Congressman. "And now," said Mr. Bettman, "let us look at the circumstances of your case. This man does it all by himself. Nobody encourages him. No organization supports or inspires him. He thinks up a rebellion all by himself. He hires a hall all by himself. Nobody helps him pay for it. He makes his speech all by himself. Nobody introduces him. He makes his speech. And nothing happens. That is your case. *Nothing happens.* Well, nothing happens."

But if anything did happen, and if anybody was persuaded even to try to make anything happen, and if anybody did rise, or if "two or more" persons even thought it out that rising was what they would do, together, why, the case was different, as I understand Mr. Bettman's argument. Then there was something worth applying something to, and the existing statutes were there with a fully applying breadth of power.

These arguments of law, I suppose, a layman should hardly venture casually to repeat; and perhaps I do not define their edges as I should; but they seemed to cut quite deep into the attention of the Committee. More arguments of law followed from Jackson H. Ralston and from Zechariah Chafee, Jr. and others. The historic foundations of the art of speech among Anglo-Saxons and among those who have attached themselves to, or been attached by, Anglo-Saxons seemed to be on their way toward emerging into recollection. Mr. Gompers had already spoken, virilely, as always. Law had done some speaking, and Labor.

But meanwhile, I felt, that certain social forces were also speaking. I could hear the tread of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Friends of Irish Freedom. The Friends of Irish Freedom, in all this talk about stopping everybody who ever talked upsettingly, seemed to detect a certain call to them. They detected it again in the wording of Section Six of the Graham bill where all persons are forbidden to put anything in a mail-box if it would make "an appeal to racial prejudice" and if it might thereby cause somebody to do some "rioting." I could feel that Mr. John E. Milholland, in his hotel some distance away, was not liking this bill. It did not seem to him, I guessed, to promote freedom in general or in the particular unembarrassed discussion of the relations between Irishmen and Englishmen. Perhaps he did not want to take full penal responsibility for every Irishman who might go and riot against an Englishman in the environs of Madison Square Garden after reading a postcard sent out by Irishmen friendly to Ireland and unable to refrain from allusions to events in Ireland prejudicial to Englishmen.

I deduce his feelings. I seemed to notice certain numerous consequences of them, in stirs and shifts of persons here and there, and in rumors of impending great meetings of awakened and informed citizens, informed at the meetings.

I also noticed, at a different spot in the horizon, that Frank Cobb wrote a wonderful editorial in the New York World and Philip Francis a wonderful editorial in the New York American. I hear that Frank Cobb and Philip Francis are known sometimes to associate in private. It makes no difference. But when they associate in public, it does. When the World and the American throw shells at the same mark, the mark does notice it, especially if the shells are like the ones that Frank Cobb and Philip Francis threw. They would have burst with effect even if the papers behind them had been puny. They were calculated to make any readers resolve that not only America should not perish from the earth but that pride of being an American and pride of being able to survive free, should not perish. They summoned Americans to the terms on which survival is tolerable—and on which also it becomes certain. Those were American shells, and in the list of writings for liberty in America not destined to go unlaureled.

There were writings also, I heard, by one Grenville S. Macfarlane-Macfarlane, of Boston, a lawyer who practices from time to time before a quite multitudinous jury by writing for the Hearst papers. I did not see what he wrote. But he came to Washington in person. And I am bound to mention two of his peculiarities. He has a brain extraordinarily difficult to confute and two of the most unblinkingly round and candid and honest eyes now in distribution and circulation. His calm and wrestling intelligence, which is likely to score a down against almost anybody in five minutes, came; and his character came. They are really among Washington's most remarkable—to say nothing of most cogent—visitors. They came.

They came with great opportuneness. And telegrams came from publishers. There were several inches of telegrams falling from very clear parts of the sky. Owners of printing-presses, just printing presses, not Marxian ones, but simply things on which words are imprinted on paper, began to feel that they had some title of interest in legislation likely to hold almost any word guilty if in its innocence it gave a wrong impression of its character to rough readers. Socialist printing-presses, Bolshevik printing-presses, were not particularly heard from. It was Republican printing-presses, Democratic printing-presses.

I had a strong suspicion that Bolsheviks and Syndicalists and I. W. W.'s were not ravenously interested in the Graham bill. It was Americans, as contrasted with Bill Haywoods, that fought it. No representative of the Scarlet Woe appeared before the Committee to argue. Of course there was indeed Swinburne Hale. He had just completed an argument before the Labor Department on behalf of certain claimed rights of the Communists recently arrested for storage in bond and subsequent re-exportation to their port of origin. But Swinburne Hale was acting only as their lawyer, with an interest in getting individual trials instead of a mass-trial for his clients, thus showing a certain degree of disbelief in at least some sorts of mass-action; and he was also *Captain* Swinburne Hale, recently of the United States Army and of the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff of it; and it must be said for him that when he appeared before the Committee he displayed a great interest in the preservation of America from at least certain varieties of European social practice.

He and Mr. Ralston, besides arguing powerfully for the principle of free speech, presented also certain allegations regarding the methods used in existing efforts to enforce certain existing statutes (such as the deportation one) which impel officers of the United States to act against masses of men in the manner of a legal pogrom. He specifically charged that the Attorney General of the United States has violated the Constitution of the United States and the statutory judicial practices of the United States by causing individuals to be arrested without warrant and imprisoned without charge and subsequently, after shameful hardship and indignity and suffering, released still without charge —men simply maltreated on suspicion. This is not supposed to be a government by suspicion. Mr. Ralston said so.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Hale went even further. He specifically accused—and it was perhaps the first time that the accusation had ever reached official Congressional ears—that the Department of Justice had adopted the interesting historical Russian habit of planting things in places where subsequently they could be victoriously found. He charged that the Department of Justice took part in committing the crimes which it detected. He charged that the Department of Justice was employing "agents provocateurs," precisely as the Tsar's government employed them.

I call this Russian habit interesting. I believe it greatly interested several members of the Committee. The radicals employed by the Department of Justice to do radical things in necessary subtle acceleration of radicalism among radicals subsequently arrested—do such creatures of the old Russian slime exist in America? Can it be true that Mr. Palmer, in order to preserve America from the methods of Nicholas Lenin, has imported the methods of Nicholas Romanoff? Was there success in those methods in Russia? And can it be that America has no competent indigenous methods of self-preservation? Is there no virtue in the relics of Benjamin Franklin?

I understand that certain members of the Committee would rather like to know. The Committee threw the Graham bill back to the Judiciary Committee without a special rule in favor of it and with a ruling against it instead and an injunction to the Judiciary Committee to think again and draft something else. The Graham bill seems in a faintlike coma. And the Committee seems to have gained—at least in some parts of it—a certain curiosity as to the actual inevitable administration and operation of all these easily and conscientiously written Congressional commands to cleanse this country of foul and noisome thoughts.

I am told that the Committee thinks of summoning Mr. Palmer before it to find out how Russian Mr. Palmer is. If that finding out happens, and if it goes to a revealing of all the ways of the Department of Justice, we shall come to the true test—and to the true insoluble difficulty—of the sort of legislation recently devised and still projected among us in the field of espionage. That test is precisely operation, administration.

Then, perhaps, recoiling in an instinctive native dread from the consequences of our artificial neo-Americanism, we will go back in haste to antique Americanism, where the safety of America is not in fear and the stuffed ear, but in the illumined imperturbability of that great business man, Benjamin Franklin, a great man indeed, who can inspire both thrift campaign and liberty, a great man of a great age. This was an age in which our rulers were in the full flow of the thought of their time, abreast of it, ahead of it; men whom in spite of all that may be said about their economic drifts of impulse I will compare with any other group of men that ever made a great event, figures of manhood, speaking pretty well with the cool and benign sanity of Franklin and saying:

"Abuses of the freedom of speech ought to be repressed." Yes. But! "But to whom dare we commit the care of doing it?"

Precisely. Franklin has asked it, and nobody has answered it. To whom, to whom dare we commit kingship?

I thought perhaps I saw the tide make its first turning back toward that question.

WILLIAM HARD.

As The Ice Goes Out

"THE ice is going out." Have you ever caught the excitement, in the low-lying levels along the great western rivers, at a time when the oldest inhabitant commits his reputation to such a prediction, in the face of the fact of a river surface apparently as solid as land, deep covered with sand-grayed snowdrifts, criss-crossed with beaten roads where four-ton trucks still ply from bank to bank? If you are a stranger you remain incredulous; but if you have lived long in the valley you drop the veil of imperceptiveness from your senses and become aware of the fact that everything animate about you is behaving strangely. The sparrows are forming in close groups as if for grave conference; the nervous guinea fowl fly from hummock to tall tree and cry pathetically, "Ka-quink, kaquink"; the swine feed greedily as if to lay in store against the unknown; the horses in their stalls neigh without reason, and the lowing of cattle sets the air a-tremble. Next morning you awake in a world enfolded in mist, luminous, pregnant with the breath of the south. Torpidly you go about your daily affairs; to be sure, the cows must be fed and milked; the groceries must be sold and delivered; the sick must be visited and the dead buried and the wills probated; but how irrelevant it all is, when nature is stirring in her sleep, about to awaken fresh and young as at the beginning of days. You find time to trudge through the softening snow to the river bank. It is still an unbroken expanse of wind swept ice and sand-gray drifts; there is still a four-ton truck chugging toward you from the other bank; as it takes the sharp slope up to your level, barely moving for all its noise and fuss, you climb to the seat beside the driver.

"My last trip," he remarks emphatically. "She sags awfully, out in the middle."

At last the mist lifts, and under a low, glowing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sun you stand on the bank and look out upon the field of ice, cut in every direction by long fissures, with here and there a clean edge tilted to throw back silver light for the sun's gold. As it appears to you, the broken field is motionless, though a geologist might detect a down-river trend.

If you have ever seen the ice go out, all this is perfectly clear to you; if you have not, please indulge me in a simile which violates the most binding classical canon: "Liken the things that can be seen only by the mind's dim eye to the things that can be seen by the clear eye of the body; never the reverse." I am going to employ the reverse, for you may be so civilized, so political, so versed in abstractions, that you are more used to seeing with the mind's eye than with the physical organs of sight. Have you not felt that under the gray mist of present day political discussion a mighty change is germinating? Do you not have a fairly definite sense that the ice of war and post-war psychology is breaking up? Observe the animals, how they behave. How uneasily the elephant trumpets; how vibrant the bray of the ass; the nervous party leaders, on tree or hummock cry pathetically, "Ka-quink, ka-quink"; the profiteering swine feed greedily as if foreseeing that they will need their fat. That portends nothing to you? Then might it not be worth while to consult an oldest inhabitant?

But to return to the river. Days have passed by and the familiar surface of the ice in situ has been replaced by a grinding drift of great cakes from up stream. At your feet the ice cakes seem determined to climb one upon another for want of room, but at a distance pools of clear turquoise water deck the bosom of the river. But how is this? The sluggish movement of the ice appears to be up stream; is the current unusually full, moving in circles? The oldest inhabitant shakes his head, "Ice jam down the river."

That is something worth looking into, and you soon find that everybody who can spare the time and can get a conveyance is headed down the river road, toward the point five miles below where the bluffs on either side thrust their beaks deep into the flanks of the river. A jam is indeed forming. Foaming rapids moan and roar in the gorge between the bluffs; here a wall of blocks fringed with dripping icicles has cut off the current completely; there the water pours over in a green cataract; at intervals the water rushes swiftly through narrow fissures, shaking off great masses of dirty foam; and above it all appear edges of half-acre cakes of ice, resolutely striving to climb to a position of rest on the growing dam. Now a cake has placed itself and the current dies down, presently to return as a cataract, with another great ice edge appearing above. The British engineers who labored for years to raise the Nile a few feet by barrage could afford to bind themselves as apprentices to our river god. He lifts the river, visibly, hour by hour. It is magnificent; but do you realize that our entire valley for ten miles inland, is only twenty feet above river level? To illustrate again through the political mind's eye: The barrage of Espionage laws, press censorship, deportations, suppression of minority representation may seem to offer you only an imposing spectacle; but how high above river level do your own personal rights and liberties really stand?

But I am writing about the river. Must the good citizens stand idly by while the river rises higher and higher, until it spreads over the valley and drowns out their fortunes? No, ice jams can be broken; they have been broken. Resolute men can leap from cake to cake poling over masses not yet solidly anchored in the river god's masonry. As in the masonry of man, there are points of support which can be shot away, leaving the whole barrage fragile before the great pressure of the water masses above. But in the case of man's masonry, you can conjecture where those points are. In a jam filling a river bed through several hundred yards with shifting masses of ice, who can find those points of support? Besides, don't imagine that it is pleasant work groping about on an ice jam, when innumerable jets of water are at work underneath, carving out the inside of blocks that on top look like granite. Sooner or later one breaks through and is soused to the neck in icy water. And even so, he may count himself lucky, for he might have been plunged deeper, to become part of the river god's masonry. Are you to be blamed if you leave the breaking of the ice jam to young fellows who have little to lose and who enjoy the distinction of standing in the full light upon the treacherous barrier between the rising lake of icy water above and the hungry gray foam below? After all, your house is of sound structure and the upper floor, or at least the attic, will remain above the surface, whatever happens. To resort again to the political illustration —but that is too obvious.

The jam holds and grows higher; now the river is backing up the creeks and filling them to their banks; there are fords to be crossed on every highway as you hasten home. The lower fields become ponds that grow larger as wave after wave beats up from the river. Soon the streets where the poor folk live are flooded and the gamins, released from school, pole wooden sidewalks through the dirty water. As for yourself, you carry what you can to your upper floor, with regret for the coal and the furnace, presently to be drowned by water too heavy to respect the panes of your basement windows. When you find time to look out over the fields you see haystacks and chickencoops and occasional flimsy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farmers' cottages floating in great circles on the cold breast of the new made lake. Yes, your own street is flooded, and that great sound of inrushing waters is in your own basement; do you hear your furnace sizzle? It makes you shiver, for the temperature is falling. Next morning you rise to negotiate, fireless, with zero weather under a stiff north wind. From your frost encrusted window you watch the gamins skating right by your half-submerged front door, among the melancholy top twigs of your ornamental shrubs. You had thought the ice was going out; instead, it has come up from the river, where it did no harm. Good heavens, how much worse is your last state than your first!

But the wind dies and the sun burns hot. The air is full of sharp reports of new ice cracking. The waters are falling away from under the ice; it must be that the jam has burst—bringing woe, no doubt, down stream, but transient woe, and bringing permanent relief to our valley. It is a forlorn valley you survey when the last waters are gone and the new ice has thawed. Mud, mud everywhere; deep gashes cut across fertile fields and gardens, drowned animals bloating on the lawns, unsightly rubbish, weighing down the lower branches of the trees. What a labor it will be to clean everything up, and put back the cottages and sheds and sidewalks where they belong. But the ice is gone and the river free. Soon buds will be bursting and green shoots pricking through the caked earth. Two months more, and the valley will lie smiling and fertile under the sun's rays. "When the ice went out" will become a mere tradition, well attested, though, by scars in the landscape not soon to be obliterated.

And so with the dust-gray ice of our post-war politics. It is going out. Clemenceau is gone. Churchill is politically bankrupt. Russian intervention is gone. The desire for holding our late enemies by the throat for two generations is gone. The credit of a bad peace is gone. The faith in a League of Conquerors instead of a League of Peoples is gone. Discredited, discredited: how frequent an entry that would be after statesmen's names, if Who's Who told the truth. To our misfortune, the ice jammed and the pleasant and fertile valley of American life has been flooded with the dirty waters of bigotry and persecution. There will be a disheartening labor of cleaning up to do before we can again, proudly, exhibit our landscape to the stranger! Scars will remain, to remind us of the time when Palmer and Secretary Wilson, Sweet and Lusk and Stevenson, the New York Times and Bishop Burch jammed. Nevertheless, America will again be America, fresh and sunny, with the hope which is sound sense and the courage which is tolerance. ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Bandwagon

As One Man to Another

"WE attempted to check the [radical] movement in two ways," said Captain J. L. P. Stone, commandant of the Bay Ridge Naval Station. "First we confiscated all the literature we could find, and then we appealed to the intelligence of the men."

At the Garrick Theatre

Mr. Burns Mantle, of the Evening Mail, reviews Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness": "We cannot recommend the play to the general public, but every agaitator flirting with deportation should see it, and ponder well the conditions, the country and the unfortunates that inspired it."

The Christmas Spirit

An editorial in the Washington Post

"At Christmas-tide old memories soften the heart. Holy teachings are remembered afresh as thoughts run back to childhood. The world does not seem so bad when seen through the mist of half-happy, half-sad recollections of loved ones now with God. No heart is untouched by the mysterious influence. . . . . The country is honeycombed with red propaganda—but there is a good supply of ropes, muscles and lampposts. . . . . While this world moves the spirit of liberty will burn in the breast of man."

A By-Product of Intervention

THE Iron Trade Review on Mexico: "Armed conflict . . . might restore a true perspective to that part of labor which lately has been misled by a few pigmy-souled leaders."

Law and Order Stops at 14 per cent

"WE replied that we considered the proposal" [for a wage increase above 14 per cent] "a cowardly, dastardly surrender of the rights of the public and the government. We considered it a compromise of principles far more important than any question of the wages of miners or our own profits as operators of coal mines. We thought it a question of maintenance of law and order."—Mr. Ogle, of the coal operators.

When the Government Fails to do its Duty

"THE *American Legion* can be looked upon as a bulwark in the nation's industrial life, and to the members of the legion is going to be delegated the task of suppressing the treasonable activities of the rabid alien in event no other means of suppressing him can be found."—General Leonard Wood.

Nobody Left But the Democrats

"IT SHOULD not be overlooked that the Socialist party places party obedience above obligations of any public office."—Attorney-General Newton.

"NEVER will our Republican friends forget that they are Republicans first and patriots afterward."—Secretary Josephus Daniels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

A FEW years ago it seemed to me as if I were the only man of my acquaintance whom nobody had ever asked to talk about woman suffrage. The causes of my splendid isolation were beyond my ken. What though I had foresworn, when about thirty years old, all attempts to speak in public? Of the many possible inviters to talking dinners only a few could conceivably know either that such a vow existed, or that I had taken it under protest, at the request of friends, conscripted hearers of my few speeches. Even now I do not quite understand why I never received an invitation. Even now I am able to appreciate the feeling of Mr. Algernon Moncrieff, who said that "nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations."

My inevitable refusal, if anybody had asked me in those old days, would have been due half to congenital inability to make a speech, and half to the fact that I had nothing to say. Far different is my plight today; when my head swarms with things that call and clamor and cry to be spoken; or perhaps I should say "repeated," for all these things are printed in two documents, one a letter introducing a circular, the other the circular introduced by the letter. The letter is dated Room 408, Iron Exchange Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., December 31, 1919, and is signed, "Men's Patriotic Ass'n." The circular has no signature and no date. Together the documents summon Man to be up and doing something to defeat national woman suffrage.

Although the circular affirms that "men are mentally able and morally worthy of running the government," it does what it can, which is much, to cast doubt upon this assertion. Seldom have I read, even in the writings of the weary King Ecclesiast, a more unfavorable opinion of man. You thought him, perhaps, a creature doggedly resilient under the harrow of adversity? You were wrong. If the nation-wide woman should receive the nation-wide vote "men would be obliged sometimes, through a dearth of work, to take subordinate positions to women or do women's work, thereby subjecting themselves to ridicule." When exposed to ridicule the poor fellows would collapse. Their "spirit and morale" would be "threatened through the humiliating conditions." Threatened and blighted. There is no tenderer plant than man's morale. Listen:

> "The noblest democracy should see to it that woman suffrage is defeated, because non-woman suffrage conditions give man the best opportunity and encouragement to maintain his present superior standing politically, commercially and professionally and he needs these conditions to make good; and, maintaining a slightly superior earning power, he is enabled to assume the enobling position of being the head of the family, where he is a more important support than women in the family. By this and other means he is enabled to maintain a certain amount of pride in himself, a characteristic of the male, the gratification or realization of which is essential to his mental and physical well being. It is more necessary to him than it is to women."

One might suppose that men, conscious of their vanity, aware of the ills which attack their bodies and minds whenever their vanity gets bruised and scratched, would at least stand together and try to keep their collective egotism out of harm's way. Nothing could be further from the truth. Man has no sex-loyalty. He is a betrayer of his sex. He is a sneak. The circular sent out by the Men's Patriotic Ass'n demonstrates the futility of hope: "If women are given further suffrage they might hold any office, Judge, Senator or by political accident President of the U. S. Their advancement could be extended rapidly by the ruthless man office holder who would not care if a woman was second so long as he was first. Would be satisfied with a woman lieutenant-governor just so he was governor, caring not that the woman lieu-governor subordinates many men in inferior positions to her . . . It is not the right order of affairs to expect men to take orders or directions from women officials, to train men to do so or encourage women to exert that authority." In this passage I admit in passing that I detect just a trace of unreality. Surely there is no lowlier human ambition than the ambition to be elected a lieutenant-governor. Surely no hundred per cent American, even a sensitive male American, ever felt inferior to the "lieu-governor" of any state. Even a vice-president feels himself the equal of any of those "lieu-governors" whose names may be discovered by consulting the World Almanac.

What a piece of work is man, so exposed, so irresolute, so addicted to whistling in order to keep up his feeling of superiority, so easily disheartened, such a quick despairer! Would you not expect him to be despised and neglected by both sexes? Well, he is. "It seems to the writer," says our circular, "that there is an inherent preponderance of interest on the part of women in the performances of those of their own sex, and that the lionizing of men by them, although indulged in, is not as heavy as some egotistic men would think. What minor attention women now give men is partly occasioned by the custom of generations and their dependence on men, not an inherent inclination. Men are interested in women rather than in one another. Are more inclined to extend favors to women. This throws the preponderance of public attention toward the women . . . Popularity, men as compared with women, set forth in another line, namely the moving picture line (which commands a tremendous attendance of men and women from the largest city to the smallest town) shows women actresses leading in a popularity public voting contest the writer heard of. Women were the favorites of men and women voters." I have quoted enough to prove that the Men's Patriotic Ass'n of Pittsburgh might as well throw up the sponge. Even before it issued its circular women were more popular than men among both men and women. The circular, with its distressing and persuasive picture of man's egotism and pettiness and jealous timidity, can only aggravate this discrepancy. Man had better give up expecting to be elected to office. Except in so far as his assistance may be necessary to the perpetuation of woman, man had better die.

One word more, or say one hundred words more, and I have done. I wish to quote from the circular a few isolated passages. "It is recognized that the popularity of the candidate influences the voter considerably. Fitness is often secondary. Not considered at all by some voters." Is not this an incomplete analysis? Fitness was obviously not considered at all by the voters who sent Mr. Sherman, for example, or Mr. Reed, for example, to the Senate. But neither, so far as an outsider who reads their speeches can guess, was popular. Both are bores, Mr. Reed of the ugly variety, Mr. Sherman of the silly variety. How does the Men's Patriotic Ass'n account for their election? A last word, just to call attention to the circular's prize-winning sentence: "It is human nature to attribute all the virtues to the untried, which when tried, often prove the opposite."

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Notes

GENERAL ENOCH CROWDER'S volume on the selective draft leads up to a discussion of the problem of American labor. Those who worked with General Crowder during the war are convinced that this will be one of the really illuminating books by an American war administrator. The Century Co. are to publish it this month.

Norman Hapgood is to put his conclusions on the present world situation into a book called The Advancing Hour. He is now in the United States after his brief diplomatic excursion to Denmark, and he is likely to resume his activities as a commentator on public events. His book, The Advancing Hour, dwells particularly on America's relation to world affairs.

Those who tremble at the Yellow Peril may be relieved to learn from the Bookman that "the greatest success in Japan last year" was Pollyanna. A close second was John Halifax, Gentleman—in an expurgated edition. The proposal scene, for example, was indicated by a row of asterisks, with a footnote explaining "at this point he asked her to marry him."

Mr. Arnold Bennett has not received much praise in London for his dramatization of Carlotta under the title of Sacred and Profane Love. This is not to prevent an American production, however, with Miss Elsie Ferguson as the star. Carlotta is one of Mr. Bennett's earlier books, written in the first flush of his belief that he is one of the profoundest living interpreters of the feminine heart.

The Author, the publication of the English Society of Authors, prints a suggestion for "cooperative publishing" which is fairly certain to be popular with new authors and to cause publishers to shudder. The idea merely carries one step further the recent practice of launching a new novel with the ceremonial champagne of an approving preface by an eminent writer. "Briefly it is this: That the writers with an assured market should back their opinion of a first book which appealed to them by allowing it to appear between the same covers as their next work." The eagle is thus to carry the wren into altitudinous editions. As yet, no established author has been found to embrace the plan.

Letters from China by Professor and Mrs. John Dewey are announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. The letters were written to their daughter, Miss Evelyn Dewey, and cover the period from February to August, 1919, while the authors were traveling and lecturing in China. Professor Dewey has published articles on modern Chinese conditions in the Dial and the New Republic.

G. K. Chesterton is the latest English writer reported to be on his way here, following fast on W. B. Yeats, W. L. George, Lawrence Housman and the rest.

The most widely read book of the last two hundred years, according to the Publishers' Weekly, is In His Steps by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, editor of the Christian Herald. It has sold more than twenty million copies, the largest edition of any book except the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress.

A German Deserter's War Experiences, published by B. W. Huebsch, and declared non-mailable by Mr. Burleson during the war, has just been released by the Post Office department. Simultaneously with its suppression in this country it was brought out in England and had a steady, unmolested sale throughout the war. Also it was used for propaganda by the French in France.

Scott and Seltzer, feeling that the public would be prejudiced against a book with a German author's name, have announced The Burning Secret by Stefan Zweig as The Burning Secret by "Stephen Branch." Zweig is a nice easy word to translate, but what can we do about Goethe, Nietzsche or Heine?

A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis by Dr. Sigmund Freud, is soon to be published by Boni and Liveright. It consists of a series of twenty-eight lectures delivered recently by Dr. Freud, and in these he is said for the first time to have correlated all of his theories so that he gives the present status of his conception of psychoanalysis. In his chapter on The Dream comes this passage: "Humanity, in the course of time, has had to endure from the hands of science two great outrages against its naive self-love. The first was when humanity discovered that our earth was not the center of the universe, but only a tiny speck in a world system hardly conceivable in its magnitude. This is associated in our minds with the name 'Copernicus' although Alexandrian science had taught much the same thing. The second occurred when biological research robbed man of his apparent superiority under special creation, and rebuked him with his descent from the animal kingdom, and his ineradicable animal nature. This re-valuation, under the influence of Charles Darwin, Wallace and their predecessors, was not accomplished without the most violent opposition of their contemporaries. But the third and most irritating insult is flung at the human mania of greatness by present day psychological research, which wants to prove to the 'I' that it is not even master in its own house, but is dependent upon the most scanty information concerning all that goes on unconsciously in its psychic life. We psychoanalysts were neither the first, nor the only ones to announce this admonition to look within ourselves. It appears that we are fated to represent it most insistenly and to confirm it by means of empirical data which is of importance to every single person. This is the reason for the widespread revolt against our science, the omission of all considerations of academic urbanity, and emancipation of the opposition from all restraints of impartial logic. We were compelled to disturb the peace of the world."

Mr. Maeterlinck has committed himself on one great American problem, the essays of Dr. Frank Crane. "They are simply admirable," he says, "Dr. Crane has found the secret of putting into a form as simple and clear as the purest water the highest thoughts and the most useful thoughts." This is a happy confirmation for H. L. Mencken. In his Prejudices he lets Nathan say, "Is Maeterlinck a Great Thinker? Then so is Dr. Frank Crane."

J. A. Hobson in his new book, Taxation in the New State, which is announced by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, has outlined a program for the reform of taxation without injurious effects on industry and livelihood. This sounds almost like first aid to the speeches of Presidential candidates, but the resemblance is sure to be superficial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the American Language

The Golden Whales of California, and other rhymes in the American language, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THERE is something to be said for Harvard aestheticism. In the days gone by it favored a certain kind of fine bleached poetry, and now it appears to be favoring a thin exquisiteness which is once more the Epicurean garden in the waste of popular American life. But much as there is to be said for this—with all its concomitant snobbishness—it is a relief to find that the Middle West is going on in its own broad way. On certain rare occasions Vachel Lindsay writes like a well-bleached Harvard poet and on those occasions it is possible to enjoy him mildly; but there is nothing mild about the enjoyment he affords in his more spontaneous poetry which is really a form of ballad-making. There Vachel Lindsay is a man by himself yet a man of the uncounted millions. He is not an interpreter because he is not an intellectual. He is a minstrel, a song-singer, a chanter. And he chants of just those unmitigated vulgarities which only emotion can rarify, such emotion as is made articulate by a poet of common life and, if you like, common sensibilities.

No one can deny that in certain respects Vachel Lindsay is a jay and, what is worse, a Chautauquan jay. I do not know enough of Rameses II or of Moses or of Dante to assert that he is a jay when he writes of these eminent historical figures, but in his Meditation on the Sun he clearly illustrates the cultural exuberances which would make a Harvard poet blush to his navel:

Oh Sun, I wish that all the nations bright
You ever looked upon were in my sight,
That I had stood up in your royal car
With your eye-rays to search out field and height.

To see young David, leading forth his sheep,
The Christ Child on the Hill of Nazareth sleep,
To watch proud Dante climb the stranger's stairs,
To see the ocean round Columbus leap . . .

Would I had looked on Venice in her prime,
And long had watched the prayerful Gothic time
When Notre Dame arose, a mystery there
In wicked good old Paris and its grime!

This is bad not so much because it reads like an advertisement for the Child's Book of Knowledge, though that is fairly bad, but because "proud Dante" and "the prayerful Gothic" and "wicked good old Paris" are figures so stereotyped and un-felt. Almost any sapless high school teacher might write a poem, "Would I had looked on Venice in her prime," and it would mean nothing more than a reflex on the galvanic stimulus of book-culture. Yet it is natural for Vachel Lindsay, who is not sapless, to consort happily and edifyingly with Dante, Columbus, Rameses, Moses, Alexander and Napoleon. And so on with the Romance of the East. He has a refrain in one of his poems that suggests there may be limitations to this mode of reference:

Oh quivering lights,
Arabian Nights!
Bagdad,
Bagdad!

Why not Rah-rah, Bagdad! But if the poet of Springfield were less ready to respond to Bagdad and "quivering lights" we might not have his free exhibition of America. Perhaps because he is capable of credulity and sentimentality, perhaps because he is innocent, he is also strongly imaginative, gaily inventive, hugely humorous and wholesouled. He has in him something of that wondrous naïveté which goes on seeing the world for the first time, and so perpetually releases the vision which vulgarity and habit and convention and inertia are all the time conspiring to imprison. But Lindsay's is not a precious or dainty naïveté. It is half-ashamed at times, grotesque and boisterous and elephantine. The poet in Lindsay is brave, but his is a bravery against the tribal array of his own Springfield, Illinois, and to be naïve in the face of native Springfield barbarism requires a protective energy on Lindsay's part that is not without tragedy.

In his ballad on John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston, Lindsay glances at the epoch in which he was born and reared.

In simple sheltered 1889
Nick Carter I would piously deride.
Over the Elsie Books I moped and sighed.
St. Nicholas Magazine was all my pride,
While coarser boys on cellar doors would slide.

This amused picture of his youth, with the confession that "when I was nine years old, in 1889, I sent my love a lacy Valentine," brings out to some extent the conditions in which Lindsay has matured. But the degree of his maturity can only be seen by considering his better poems from year to year. In this volume, for example, it is poems like Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan and Kalamazoo and The Golden Whales and The Comet of Prophecy and My Lady is Compared to a Young Tree and The Statue of Old Andrew Jackson and the Roosevelt poems and the Alexander Campbell poems which show the increasing self-possession of a singer who really lives with wonder and abides with dreams.

The fascination of Lindsay is that this wonder and these dreams are drawn from common American life. His California is not an exclusive California. It is as inclusive as his grasping arms can reach. He shouts of "the land of the lemon and the nut." He proclaims "the biggest ocean in the world." "There are ten gold suns in California." And similarly his Bryan is the Bryan of popular emotion. But how splendidly and how instinctively Lindsay does justice to that emotion in this incisive ballad. Take this glimpse of McKinley, one of those American presidents at whose name every knee must now legally bend!

Where is McKinley, that respectable McKinley,
The man without an angle or a tangle,
Who soothed down the city man and soothed down the farmer,
The German, the Irish, the Southerner, the Northerner,
Who climbed every greasy pole, and slipped through every crack;
Who soothed down the gambling hall, the bar-room, the church,
The devil vote, the angel vote, the neutral vote,
The desperately wicked, and their victims on the rack,
The gold vote, the silver vote, the brass vote, the lead vote,
Every vote . . .

Less involved with opinion is the characterization of Andrew Jackson. This has the raciness that distinguishes Lindsay, the raciness to which the Middle West is unconscious heir.

Andrew Jackson was eight feet tall.
His arm was a hickory limb and a maul.
His sword was so long he dragged it on the ground.
Every friend was an equal. Every foe was a hound.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lyric of Kalamazoo is equally racy. So is the very funny poem of Daniel in the lions' den. And so is the poem, comparing Roosevelt to Saul. It is in lyrics like these, much more than in his Lucifer pontificals, that he is natural. His Roosevelt verse is imperfect, ("royal" rebel-king is absurd and "witching" is threadbare), but it has glints of that romantic genius which is full-grown in the lovely poem, My Fathers Came from Kentucky. The last three stanzas must suffice to represent Lindsay's finest mood:

> Why do I faint with love
> Till the prairies dip and reel?
> My heart is a kicking horse
> Shod with Kentucky steel.
>
> No drop of my blood from north
> Of Mason and Dixon's line.
> And this racer in my breast
> Tears my ribs for a sign.
>
> But I ran in Kentucky hills
> Last week. They were hearth and home . . .
> And the church at Grassy Springs,
> Under the red bird's wings
> Was peace and honeycomb.

It is not easy to entice the critical to read a poet who slings everything together. But the agglomeration of Lindsay, like the agglomeration of Robert Burns, is the result of a wildness in the fields from which the poet springs. To have kept that wildness in his poetry was the partial triumph of Burns. It is also the partial triumph of Lindsay. With great pain, and some loss, he has added another star to the poetic Union. F. H.

The Workers as Citizens

The Equipment of the Workers. London: Allen and Unwin.

ONCE perhaps in a decade there comes to us a book that one would gladly make an intimate part of the statesman's mind. He is so apart from the daily business of humble men's lives as rarely to penetrate the inwardness of the problems he has to solve. Statistics, indeed, he has, and almost to the point of nauseation; yet, somehow, when the souls of men become units on a correlation-table they lose the quick and moving touch of living personality. The thing the statesmen needs comes rather from the realm where science and art become so intermingled as to have a magic glamor of their own. A blue book bores him, and we cannot expect him to legislate upon the basis of Dickens's Hard Times. This book combines the exactness of scientific inquiry with the vivid appeal of art. It is the picture of the lives of four hundred workers in a typical English industrial town. Taking for granted some such ideal as the British Labor party has in view, it asks what equipment the worker has to face the problems of modern civilization. What are his political views? What does he read? Has he access to the stored riches of the past? What are his desires? How would he achieve them? These, one imagines, are the things that men like Lincoln have sought to understand at moments, as after the news of Appomattox, when the chance of creative action seemed within their grasp. These are the bases of those visions that men like Shelley and Morris have translated into the throbbing cadence of their song. It is the knowledge of the answer we must today make to these questions that causes the flush in the cheek and catch at the throat of those thousands who in the half-hidden underworld of modern politics mutter in yearning faith the Internationale.

It may well be doubted whether in English literature there is a more realistic portrait of the English working-class than is here drawn. Mostly, it is a sombre picture of men and women caught relentlessly in the toil of a vast machine whose processes they fail to understand. Largely, also, they are a tired race without energy to think either of the glories of the past or the contingent splendors of to-morrow. Their lives are set in neutral tints, so that, for the most part, they seem outside the process of which they are in supposition part. The cries of parties, the dreams of thinkers, even the achievement of the race, pass, with but rare exceptions, without their experience. Their consolations do not enrich them save where some sudden passion, as the love of children or their church, has given an inward comfort to which they can withdraw. Their vast simplicity, their confidence in each other, their yearning after rest—these are the qualities by which they are distinguished. Their citizenship is not a source of joy. Government is simply an external group of men in whose honesty they have little faith and to whose purposes they feel rather indifferent than alien. Save for some women, the Church is largely dead. The war is something that takes them from their homes or touches them with some strange romantic glow they are untrained to analyze into substantial content. The way of other men's lives they hear by rumor rather than seek by knowledge. There is the vast multitude—themselves—and then the conquerors. Their place and destiny are fixed; and the day means only the rise of the sun to enforce allotted toil. The modern discontents but barely touch them; they feel at times some movement bigger than they know. But these are issues that are not of them. They lack a sense of the state because the state has never found a means whereby their citizenship can call their minds and hearts into creative being.

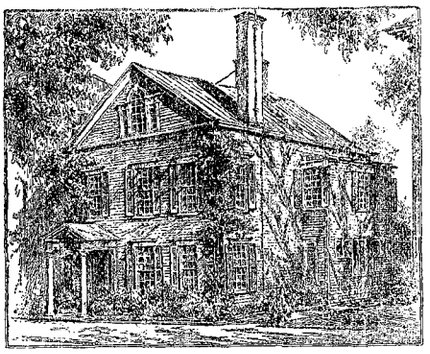
Not, indeed, that the picture ends there. There are men and women whose souls are set before us to whom no attitude is possible save a dumb respect. Again and again one finds in such cases that the source of contact with the modern world is trade-unionism. Here are the socialists to whom citizenship may one day mean a share in the gain not less than the toil of living, to whom church and king and parliament are institutions either for condemnation or for conquest. Their leisure is, when it rarely comes, for public meeting, or a quiet hour in the corner of the public library, or, less often, in those classes of the W. E. A. which perhaps represent the greatest discovery in civic technique of recent years. The war to them—one catches the ring in the voice—is the beginning of a new epoch of which the mastery can be theirs. Russia bewilders them a little, though often it is instinct with a great hope they hardly have the courage to explore. Most of them, it is worth while to note, are the children of English puritans; and they retain that fierce instinct for the dignity of the human soul which not even the cramping policy of Ricardian individualism was able utterly to destroy. They want, above all for their children, a generous education system. Mr. Fisher's bill inspires them with a hope that should arouse in its author a humble awe akin to veneration. One feels in them a well-spring of perpetual initiative, pressing always towards the light, though often uncertain in an atmosphere reached only by self-help and a grim struggle of which some casual hint

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Worthwhile Books in Small Sets Attractively Boxed

The Yale SHAKESPEARE

Cover of the Yale Shakespeare Box containing Twelve volumes of Library Edition.



The Yale Shakespeare is edited under the direction of Members of the Department of English, Yale University.

THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

The Yale Shakespeare, to be complete in forty volumes, is here offered in the Library Edition at a most attractive introductory figure. The twelve volumes now published, boxed in a neat blue cardboard case, with a picture of the famous Yale Elizabethan Club drawn by Theodore Diedricksen, postpaid from the publishers for ten dollars. This saves two dollars on the set, the regular price of the Library Edition being one dollar a volume. Start your collection of Shakespeare today with this standard edition.

The line numbering is that of Craig's Oxford Shakespeare. Each volume contains a glossary, notes and appendices.

4⅞ x 7⅝. Cloth with gold stamping. About 150 pages each.

Twelve volumes, boxed, $10.00, postpaid.

COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

Edited by ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER.

The Complete Essays of the "prophetic" Sumner, in four volumes, attractively boxed, postpaid from the publishers, for ten dollars. These volumes all uniform in style, handsomely bound in cloth with gilt top, containing from four to six hundred pages per volume, afford stimulating thought on the social and economic questions of the day.

Four volumes, boxed, $10.00, postpaid.

THE ESSAYS OF CHARLES S. BROOKS

Three volumes of delightful, whimsical essays by one of our leading figures in this field of literary expression. The volumes are "Chimney-Pot Papers," "Journeys to Bagdad" and "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come," all three uniform in style, boxed in an attractive blue cardboard case, postpaid from the publishers, six dollars a set.

Three volumes, boxed, $6.00, postpaid.

THE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1887

Edited by MAX FARRAND,
Professor of History at Yale College.

Three volumes comprising the standard and definitive edition of the work of the most notable constitutional body ever assembled on this continent. Bound in buckram with reënforced back; gilt top, over six hundred pages per volume, substantially boxed, postpaid from the publishers, fifteen dollars a set.

Three volumes, boxed, $15.00, postpaid.

Owing to the rapidly increasing cost of production, the above prices are subject to change at any time.

Complete Catalogue sent on request.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

280 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will give us the tragic details. Here, one would urge, is the England of the future. These men and women know that there is a kingdom to be taken and they dream of making its confines the treasured possession of humble men.

A picture such as this of American life would be one of the most revealing documents in our time. Glimpses of what it might show, indeed, we have had, as in one or two of Miss Addams's precious books; yet, in the mass, the daily life, the daily thoughts, of the average worker, is the America that still awaits its discoverer. And the very scale of American life, the innumerable ethnic strains within the melting-pot would make a picture even more revealing than this of America. The thwarted ambition of the immigrant who dreamed of an easy land of promise; the Italian peasant to whom his children seem almost of another race; the Pole who rebuilds his social background anew in some New England village; the ignorant good-nature of the Russian; the passion for intelligence which is the first thing the few seek, as it seems, to satisfy; the vivid nationalism which, perhaps strangely, makes the Canadian more difficult to absorb than any other people—it would be a palimpsest of marvelous fascination. What, one wonders, does the American workman dream of as he comes home from the roaring furnaces of Pittsburgh? What thoughts are in the mind of the lumberjack when the first dawn of spring cuts him off from the midstream of social life? What passes through the mind of the Greek when he compares the plains of Thessaly with the streets of Chicago? Insular America, one suspects, is more internationally-minded than it knows. Then how is that breadth of experience so stunted into narrow sectarianism when it mounts the platform of a public meeting? What does Americanism mean in terms of men to the silent masses whose opinion the government and the press so confidently assume? Is it the gentle charity of Lincoln or the strident exclusiveness of General Wood? Is it the lofty public-mindedness of Washington or the tardily-atoned greed of Henry Frick? The vastest synthesis the world has known is here; yet it cannot be even dimly grasped until some group of men, like those in Sheffield, have the courage to etch its outlines in the bitter terms of fact.

Here, doubtless, as in England, the result will be demand for education. The true defect of the national life, these English workers tell us, is spiritual poverty. Wages and shorter hours are not the pith of the problem. Better housing and improved sanitation will not give us the co-operative commonwealth. One half the workers of today, such is the estimate we are given, "are not yet fit to make a worthy use of blank cheques of additional leisure and means." What they need is a training in the spiritual riches life can offer, its art, its literature, its science, its music. They need that glimpse into the impalpable world of dreams which tells them how elevated a destiny is possible to those who labor with their souls. The road to that ideal lies in a spiritual equalitarianism. We must learn that no improvement is adequate which does not make the worker feel that our zeal in social service is the expression of our brotherhood with himself. Our choice today, it is clear enough, is between a reconstruction of spiritual purpose and the overthrow of our institutions. Our governors will have to put off the trappings of royalty and descend into the market-place. Yet those who know the oneness of humanity will know also that such descent is in truth the pathway to the stars.

H. J. L.

IS BRITAIN BANKRUPT?

If *not,* why is the exchange falling so continually? *The European Chaos,* by F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, author of *A Levy on Capital,* gives a vital answer in the February issue of

THE SOCIALIST REVIEW

Among the Contents

THE ALBANY SUSPENSION
A valuable Symposium

HAS LIBERALISM FAILED?
A Challenge to "Reformists"

THE CZAR'S POLICE..Isaac A. Hourwich

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE
A brilliant Satire on the Albany Steam Roller.....By F. F. Rockwell

HUNGARY UNDER BELA KUN
An eyewitness' story...Alice Riggs Hunt

LENOX AVENUE EXPRESS
A Poem .....Louis Untermeyer

THE COMMITTEE OF 48
John Haynes Holmes

SEEING RED.....The recent raids

THE SOCIALIST REVIEW

The only American monthly journal that exists for the express purpose of providing the public with accurate information on the socialist and labor movements the world over. Among its literary contributors are

HENRI BARBUSSE, ARTHUR GLEASON, FELIX GRENDON, JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN, B. H. LANGDON-DAVIES, EDWIN MARKHAM, JAMES ONEAL, WALTER POLAKOV, JOHN NEVIN SAYRE, VIDA D. SCUDDER, CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, EMILE VANDERVELDE.

Editor: HARRY W. LAIDLER
Managing Editor: W. HARRIS CROOK

25c a copy **$2.50 a year**

Published by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, Room 914, Educational Building, 70 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED